

T H E

Prettiest Book for Children;

BEING THE

History of the Enchanted Castle;

Situated in one of the Fortunate Isles, and
governed by Giant Instruction.

Written for the Entertainment of the
Little MASTERS and MISSES of Great Britain,

By Don STEPHANO BUNYANO,
Under-Secretary to the aforesaid Giant.

London: Printed for J. COOTE, in Paternester-
row, in the year when all naughty boys and girls
should be soundly whipped, and all the good ones
have plenty of custards and plumb-cakes, that is
in this present year 1770.

N. B. This little Book has been read and approved
by all the governesses at St. James's ~~W~~ de-
clare it to be the very Best Book that ever was
written for the entertainment and instruction of
young MASTERS and MISSES.

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P R E F A C E.

S a book, without an introduction
 (how small soever it may be)
 should be thought as great an oddity as
 a house without a door-way ; and the
 author of it, perhaps, as unmannerly as
 he were to enter into a room full of
 company without making a bow ; it
 will be necessary for me also to follow
 the common custom. Know then, my
 pretty little readers, that having lived
 several years in the service of giant *In-*
struction, the virtuous governor of the *En-*
anted castle, and being obliged by par-
 ticular business to take a voyage into
 England ; I persuaded myself that I
 should not better employ my leisure hours
 than by writing an account of the many
 cities and curiosities which are still to
 be seen in that celebrated building ;
 especially as such an account may not
 only be entertaining to my readers,
 but help to promote their improve-
 ment in many good and commenda-
 qualities. It is true, indeed, that

my language is very plain and homely. But what of that? As a good boy, or a good girl, is never the worse nor will be less honoured and esteemed, because he is poor and wears an old hat and a tattered coat; so a good book is not a whit the less valuable (in my opinion) because the style is plain and in common use. Besides as the good little folks, for whose improvement I am writing, have not skill enough perhaps, (or at least not many of them) to make use of a Dictionary; I thought it would be most for their advantage to avoid all hard words and uncommon phrases, and to confine myself to pure *English*. I must acknowledge, indeed, that many petty writers, such as I am, have acted otherwise; and stuffed their little books with so many out-of-the-way expressions, and so many words which are borrowed from the learned and other languages, that at last they have made the inside of them as fine and tawdry as the gilt paper on the coverlids. But in this I think they have done amiss; for instead of instructing their little readers (as they ought to have done

done) in plain good sense, they have only taught them to talk *gibberish*.

Nor is this all, for some of them have likewise presented my little masters and misses with so many idle nonsensical stories, and such a number of silly and unmeaning rhimes, that they have in the end, made greater babies of them than they were before; or, at least, they have done them little more service than if they had given them a rattle or a hobby-horse. Perhaps, they will tell me that their only design was to teach them to read. But to read what?—For my part, I have so good an opinion of them (and why should I not?) that I believe them to be able, even while they are learning to read, to learn also in some measure, to exercise their reason and understanding; and of the two, the latter, I think, is the most desirable improvement. Nay, I am certain that I have met with some of them, during the little time I have been in England, who (according to their years) were as capable of thinking, and of understanding what is what, as their papas and mamas, or as the greatest

Philosopher and Divine, in the whole country! There's little *Tommy Allworthy*, and pretty miss *Notable* for that, deny it who dares.

Look at them, here they are. One is busy in sewing, and the other bestowing alms.



But before I proceed any further my little scholars, perhaps, will be curious to know who I am? Give me leave to inform you then (though if you took notice, I have done it already in the title-page) that I am an under secretary to the renowned and virtuous giant *Instruction*, who is the

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ny it
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be-
governor of Mr. Coote's *Enchanted castle*:
not the same Mr. Coote who is the
publisher of this little treatise, but his
great great great great great grand-father,
who like the rest of his family was a
very worthy sort of a person, and from
him the aforesaid castle took its name,
because a considerable and indeed the
finishing part of it was erected at his
expence. If you are desirous to know
more of him, Mr. J. Coote in Pater-
noster-row will give you every necessary
information, when you apply to him
for his diverting little book; and he
will also acquaint you, that he has just
published a *new Primer*, called the
Golden Primer, price three pence, writ-
ten by the person who is author of this book.

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But to return to myself, I am as you
may behold me in the frontispiece to this
little book. If I could, I would not
boast of the beauty of my person, but I am
far from having an opportunity to excite
my vanity on that score. I am not a-
shamed, however, to confess, that I
am a strange out-landish fellow, in a
long flowered gown, and a hairy cap,

with

with a long blue beard on my chin, and a white wand in my hand. But though you may think me ugly, despise me not; for as soon as I rise in the morning I wash my hands and face, and comb my hair and my long blue beard; and before I venture abroad, or taste a morsel of victuals, I offer up my prayers and praises to the God who made me. It is likewise my custom to say grace before every meal and when I have satisfied the calls of nature (for I never eat or drink to excess) I return thanks to the bounty of Heaven. I am also careful not to tell a lie upon any account; nor to revile or quarrel with my companions; not to use any profane or filthy language, not to cheat or impose upon any person, but to do unto all men as I would they should do unto me. When I see a virtuous man, or a virtuous woman, or a good little boy or girl, I love and honour them, though they are cloathed in rags; and, when it lies in my power, I endeavour to relieve their wants, and give them sometimes money and sometimes victuals, or whatever I can spare: and all this, perhaps, is more than you do, though you are dressed in fine
cloaths,

cloaths, and have more tarts and cheese-cakes every day than you can tell what to do with. But hold, I must not praise myself, or think I am better than others, because this is a foolish and a very naughty trick ;—only, as I said before, I would not have you despise me, though I am ugly to look upon : for (as the old proverb says) “ *Handsome is that, that handsome does,*” and therefore I may be a good man and a very honest fellow notwithstanding my hump back and my long nose, which, to speak the truth, my friend the engraver hath made me rather uglier than he ought to have done.

But before I finish my story, I must beg of you to take a little notice of poor old *Shocky*, the large black dog, who is the faithful companion of my travels, and who in the picture, you see, is standing close by my side. He is, indeed, a very true hearted creature ; for he always follows me whether by night or by day, through thick and thin, and though I should beat him, or kick him about like a foot-ball, yet he would not forsake me ; though by the bye I have never used him ill, nor ever intend to do it, because this is also a very naughty trick. But poor Shockey however, notwithstanding

standing he is but a brute, may put many a fine gentleman, and many a handsome lady to the blush; for these, it is well known, are too often so unthankful and unfaithfull that upon every turn of fortune, or when they happen to raise themselves in the world, they will immediately despise and forget not only their former friends and acquaintance, but even their own relations, and the very parents who gave them birth. Poor contemptible wretches! who are so far from having a just claim to the honour of humanity, that they have not the goodness and the virtue even of a dog!—but not to put myself in a passion with them, (for believe me I can scarcely help it) I was going to tell you that my old *Shocky*, my good old *Shocky*, though he is but a beast, hath a wonderful deal of cunning and sagacity. For though he cannot play at cards or dice, like the learned dog in the shew, (neither would I have him, as being no gambler myself,) yet he can do that which is to me more surprizing. For whenever I walk out with him, as I frequently do in many public places about the town, he can smell out a naughty boy, or a naughty girl, even at the distance of twenty yards or more.

Whether

Whether the creature does it by any particular instinct, or by the influence of any certain genius or fairy, I cannot pretend to say. I must leave it to be determined by the philosophers when they have nothing else to do. But be this as it will, whenever I chance in my walks to meet a boy or a girl (however finely dressed or grandly attended) who is guilty of swearing, lying, calling names, telling tales, cheating, thieving, torturing birds or other innocent animals, flinging stones or crackers in the public streets, playing with fire, or by the sides of rivers or ponds, robbing or disobeying their parents, neglecting their books, or of any other kind of mischief or naughtiness; then immediately *bow-wow-wow* cries old Shoc-ky, and running up to them with all the fierceness of a tyger, he seizes them fast either by the lappet of their coats or the tail of their gowns, growling and snarling all the while, as if he would tear them to pieces in an instant. And so perhaps he would: but in this case I always make the best of my way to prevent any mischief.

If



If my little prisoner is then willing to own his fault, and promise amendment, I give *Shocky* a gentle flap with my wand, and he quits his hold immediately : but if the boy or girl should prove so obstinate as to refuse to do either, or perhaps turn impudent or sulky and give me ill language, then he will be sure to shake them to some purpose ; nor can I make him let them go before he hath heartily frightened them and punished them to his own liking, even though I should beat him to pieces. O rare old *Shocky* ! what an excellent dog art thou ! and what a pity it is that there is not such another dog, or rather an hundred of them, continually patrolling

patrolling the streets to seize upon and frighten the naughty men, and the naughty women, as well as the naughty children!

—My time of going abroad is generally between twelve and two, or between five and seven in the afternoon; so that my friend Mr. Coote, if he shall judge it proper, may put an advertisement in one or all the papers to caution such little masters and misses who are naughty and determined to continue so, to be sure to keep at home during the hours above-mentioned: otherwise it is ten to one but old *Shocky* will meet with them.

Thus then you have heard the story of Don *Stephano Bunyano*, and his black-dog. Now, some of you perhaps may imagine, from the likeness of the names, that I am a distant relation of the famous *John Bunyan*, the pious and much admired Author of the *Pilgrims Progress*. But as I have not the honour to be any way related to that truly worthy man, so neither have I the vanity to think myself capable of becoming his equal in that wonderful flow of invention, and natural simplicity and easiness of language, by which he is so eminently distinguished as a writer. However, such as my little performance

formance is, here it comes : and therefore
 wishing, my dear little masters and misses
 that it may be the happy means of making
 you good children now, and of preparing
 you to be the good gentlemen and ladies
 hereafter, I shall beg leave to subscribe
 myself

Your most affectionate friend,

And very humble servant,

Don Stephano Bunyano.

From my lodgings in the uppermost story

June 14, 1770.

CHAP

C H A P · I.

Containing a description of the Enchanted Castle, and a short account of its Governor the Giant Instruction.

ABOUT four hundred leagues (or twelve hundred miles English) directly south from the Cape of Good Hope ; which some of you know, I suppose, is the most southern point of the coast of Africa ; there is a large cluster of small islands, which by the natives are called the *Fortunate or Happy Isles*. I do not remember, indeed, that I have seen them in the European maps : but if any person will be at the trouble and expence to go and search the seas till he finds them, he will then be as well satisfied of their existence as I am. As to the method of my getting from thence to England, and the particular business I am come upon, together with the length of time I intend to stay ; these are circumstances which are of no concern to the reader ; and, therefore, as I am not disposed to waste either his time or my own, I cannot prevail upon

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myself to gratify an idle curiosity, by revealing matters which I have very particular reasons for concealing. It is sufficient to observe that the aforesaid islands are called *Fortunate* or *Happy*, because the air is remarkable pure and healthful, the weather always mild and temperate, and the soil extremely fruitful. This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that the inhabitants are generally very fair and lively, and together with a hail constitution enjoy a plenty, and, indeed a redundancy of all the blessings of life: nor is a mild and well ordered government (which it will not be to our purpose to describe at present) to be reckoned the least of the many advantages with which providence hath favoured them. As to their religion, they all profess themselves to be christians: and though there are too many hypocrites there as well as in England, yet in general they are more virtuous and more devout than I have observed most persons to be on this side of the water. It is also true that they have different sects and parties there as well as here; but they are guilty of no persecution, rightly judging that it is the greatest folly and madness for people to rob, and imprison, or even murder

one another (as hath sometimes happened in your country) because they cannot see and think alike. But there is one circumstance in which they are somewhat particular; and that is, that if they know a man to be in the least covetous or uncharitable, they will not allow him to be a christian, but will even hoot and hallow after him as he walks the street, crying out "*There goes an Idolater; there goes a Heathen.*" And indeed their opinion is right enough, though for aught I know, they may be a little too rude in their behaviour. Such then are the people from whence I came; and I believe, all things considered, we may venture, as they do, to call the little spots they inhabit, the *Fortunate or happy Isles.*

But among these islands, which are twenty-four in number, is a very small one, and indeed the smallest of them all) which by the natives is called the *seat of education.* In this little island which is not above three miles long and as many broad stands Mr. *Boote's Enchanted Castle*; which was so named from the reason that has been already given in the preface. How that gentleman came to leave the place, and travel so many thousand miles, as he must

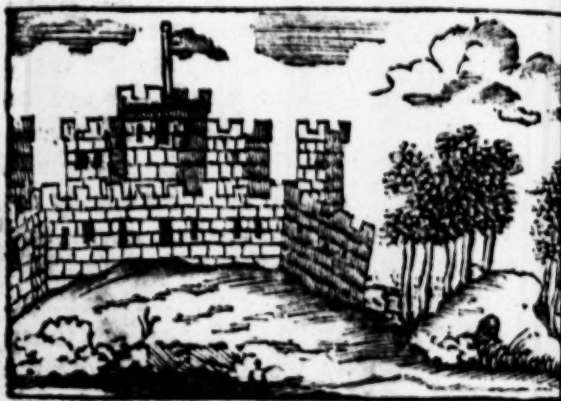
have done, to settle in England, is better known to his family than to me: but be this as it may, his *Enchanted Castle* is there still; and a noble building it is. The form of it is a perfect square, which is four score yards in length; and in the middle of it there is a spacious and a very beautiful court which is paved with stone, and hath a fountain in the center that is continually playing and casting up the water as pure as chrystal, to a most surprizing height. On each side of the building, both next the court and without, are very magnificent piazzas, which are all supported by large pillars of the finest marble, and form the most agreeable walks both for exercise and improving conversation, that I ever beheld: for at a small distance from the castle (or I should rather perhaps call it a palace) are rows of stately trees which strike the eye, with their towering majesty, afford a safe abode to innumerable birds; a circumstance which still adds to your pleasure, for these feathered songsters are continually entertaining you with their mingled and melodious notes, which together produce a perfect concert that is most agreeably softened by the distance between the trees and the piazzas.

piazzas. The ground before the castle, till you come to the trees, is very beautiful-ly laid out into gardens, which abound with many spacious walks and grass-plats edged with flowers and adorned with statues and fountains ; and in short here you have every thing which can either please the eye or gratify the palate. As to the space between the trees and the sea-shore, which is much the largest, this also is most agreeably divided on every side into verdant lawns and flowery meads, which are bespangled (if I may so express myself) with a thousand milk-white heifers, and flocks of sheep whose fleeces may vie in colour with the driven snow. Upon the whole the situation is enchanting beyond my power of description : and for this reason I imagine, as well as for the constant serenity of the air, and the many wonderful curiosities which are to be seen, the building is called *The Enchanted Castle* : for, to speak the truth, I never saw any thing to equal it, whether for beauty or majesty, even in the wildest and the most extravagant romances. Since I have been in England I have taken the trouble, or rather the pleasure to draw a plan of it ; which Mr. Coote, I hope,

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though

though I am but an indifferent draughtsman, will be so kind as to insert in my little history when he sends it to the press



But I forgot to tell you that in the whole island there is no such a thing as a dog, nor yet any stags or other beasts of chase. The governor will by no means allow it: for being (as he really is, though a giant) a very mild and tender hearted person, he cannot endure I suppose, that the blood of innocent animals should be shed for mere diversion; or else he thinks, perhaps, that if these creatures were to be suffered in the island they would spoil his gardens, of which

he is indeed most remarkably fond. He would likewise be very angry if any person whatever should offer to disturb his birds, and much more if they were either to kill them or rob them of their young : for he takes a pleasure in hearing their innocent songs, and very willingly indulges them to take part of his fruit for the sweet music with which they are continually entertaining him. I dare say, therefore, that if young *Dick Climb-away* was to go a bird-nesting there and venture his cloaths and his neck, as he and many other naughty boys do, in England, he would have him soundly whipped, or, perhaps throw him into the sea. Such then is this happy island which is called the *Seat of Education* : a name that was given it, because the people of condition in the other fortunate isles send their children hither to be educated : for giant *Instruction*, who is himself, a very learned man, keeps a number of tutors and under-masters to be employed for this purpose, among which number was your very humble servant *Don Stephen Bunyano*, notwithstanding my office of secretary. But wherefore did I say *people of condition* ? For here even the poorest boy may have admit-

tance, if he is but a good one, and can pass through the forms of examination which shall be hereafter mentioned; but if he happens to be a naughty boy, and brings a bad character from home, he would not be admitted upon any account, though he were dressed as fine as hands could make him,—nay though he were the son of a prince or an emperor. For as to the idle wicked children who neglect their books, or disobey their parents, or swear and curse, and lie, the good giant cannot bear to look upon them.

I call him the *good* giant, because he really is so. For though he is absolute governor of the whole island, and might do as he pleases, yet he believes that no man can be so great, or so rich and powerful, as to have any right to excuse himself from his duty. Some little boys, indeed, because they are gentlemens sons, and are finely dressed, and eat and drink, as we say, of the best of every thing, are silly enough to think that they may do all manner of wickedness and mischief. But these are very stupid and very naughty children; and if they were ever to set their feet in the *Enchanted Castle*, or even come near the door
of

of it, the good giant would spurn them
 out of his sight, or perhaps do something
 worse with them : for though he is himself
 a person of the highest rank, yet he hates
 pride as he hates the devil. He is like-
 wise equally remarkable for his piety and
 devotion : for every morning and every
 night he will be sure to say his prayers, and
 as for public worship he keeps a chaplain in
 the castle for that purpose, and not only at-
 tends upon it himself, but obliges all his fa-
 mily to do the same. For he thinks it the
 duty of every good man or woman, as far as
 it is possible, to make all around him as
 good as himself : and whenever he hears of
 a rich gentleman who pays no regard to re-
 ligion, he expresses his wonder how he can
 make himself easy either by night or by day ;
 for “ how does he know,” says he, “ but
 “ the same God from whom he received all
 “ his wealth, being justly provoked at his
 “ ingratitude and disobedience, may again
 “ deprive him of it in an instant ?” And
 as to poor people he rightly observes that the
 most likely way to secure the blessing of
 God upon their labours, is to love and
 serve him : “ for no one, says he, shall
 “ ever make me believe that so good a be-
 ing

“ ing as God is, will ever cease to love and
 “ assist those who have grace enough to love
 “ him sincerely, and serve him faithfully :
 “ though as to such who only worship him
 “ in pretence, and to cut a decent figure
 “ in the world, he will despise and neglect
 “ them, I suppose, as their hypocrisy de-
 “ serves ; and as all their religion is only
 “ intended to serve themselves, they may
 “ look to themselves for the reward of it.

— As to the person of this truly worthy
 governor of the *Enchanted Castle*, he is in-
 deed a *giant*, being considerably above the
 common size : for though he was never ex-
 actly measured, yet I am almost certain,
 that he is ten feet high. But then his shape
 is so well proportioned, and his features so
 regular and agreeable, and besides he hath
 withal such a graceful mein, that it hath al-
 ways given me a pleasure to look upon him,
 notwithstanding his monstrous height. His
 hair which hangs in flowing ringlets down
 his shoulders is of a colour like the brightest
 gold, and he hath likewise a handsome
 beard of the same hue. His dress is a large
 green cap or turban which is covered with
 gold and sparkling diamonds ; and a long
 purple vest which is bound about his mid-
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die with a golded girdle very richly orna-
 mented with the finest pearls that could be
 had. All this added to a blooming and yet
 a manly countenance, which is full of sweet-
 ness and majesty, makes him in my opinion
 one of the noblest figures I have ever set my
 eyes upon; and I dare say, that if some of
 your English ladies were to see him, they
 would either wish that he was reduced to
 the common size, or that they themselves
 were born *gianteſſes*. At present he is very
 little, if any thing, above thirty-five years
 old: so that considering his extensive know-
 ledge and the many amiable qualities he is
 possessed of, he may live to be an honour
 and a blessing to the human race for many
 years to come, notwithstanding his being a
 giant. As to his pedigree, I can only in-
 form you that he is the great great great
 great grandson of another famous and very
 worthy giant, who was a particular friend
 of the great great great great grandfather of
 Mr. J. Coote in Paternoster-row. But I
 cannot help observing that be his pedigree
 what it will, (and without dispute it must be
 very noble) he is far from being proud of
 it: for he believes that it is a very foolish
 idle trick (though many great as well as
 little

little masters and misses are apt to be guilty of it) to take a pride in the honour of our birth; and that, of the two, it is much more creditable to overcome the meaness of our descent by glorious actions, than to disgrace and forfeit the nobility we received from our ancestors by a base and unworthy behaviour! O rare Mr. *Giant*! thou art indeed a very good sort of a man, and a very sensible fellow! Mr. Coote I believe hath a very fine picture of him, and here comes a copy of it.

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CHAP.

C H A P II.

The entrance into the Enchanted Castle.

WHEN any person, whether a gentleman or a poor labourer (for it makes no difference) hath a mind to shew his son the castle; or get him admitted as a scholar, he must knock at the door on the west side; or if he should not happen to know the way of it, which is sometimes the case, there are many good young gentlemen in the piazzas and the gardens, who will very readily direct him, and make him a fine bow into the bargain. For here (and I think it ought to be so in England) the young masters are all very good-natured and very mannerly; otherwise they would be sure to smart for it. As soon then as the door is open; and that will be immediately, for they do not love to make people wait, no not even a beggar, neither do they run gaping to the windows to see who it is; as soon, I say, as the door is opened, up comes Mr. Alphabet, a very grave looking man, who acts as porter to the giant

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Instruction. “ Pray, sir,” says he, making a bow, “ what is your business ?” If you tell him that you have brought your son to see the castle ; “ You are very welcome,” he says, but he will immediately ask you, “ is he a good boy ? does he love his book ? does he say his prayers ?” And several other questions of the same nature ; “ For my master, adds he, will not suffer me to shew the rarities in this castle to any naughty children whatever.” And, to speak the truth, many young gentlemen who were dressed as fine as a prince have been refused admittance, only because they were naughty : But if you answer in the affirmative, he directly shews you into a large hall with a chequered pavement of black and white marble, and then pulling out a Primer with fine gold coverlids and ivory leaves, “ Come my young master, says he, if you “ are such a good boy as your papa tells “ me, I dare say you must know your letters, both the great and the small ones :” and with that he begins to ask the name of every letter as follows, both backwards and forwards, and all the cross ways he can think of.

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The Letters are these.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z &c.

He then proceeds to the double Letters.

æ ff ffi ffl* fb fh fi fk fl fr fl ft.

If your son should acquit himself here to
Mr. *Alphabet's* satisfaction, he will next be
examined in the simple syllables as follows.

ba	be	bi	bo	bu	ab	eb	ib	ob	ub
ca	ce	ci	co	cu	ac	ec	ic	oc	uc
da	de	di	do	du	ad	ed	id	od	ud
fa	fe	fi	fo	fu	af	ef	if	of	uf
ga	ge	gi	go	gu	ag	eg	ig	og	ug
ha	he	hi	ho	hu	ah	eh		oh	
ja	je	ji	jo	ju					
la	le	li	lo	lu	al	el	il	ol	ul
ma	me	mi	mo	mu	am	em	im	om	um
na	ne	ni	no	nu	an	en	in	on	un

pa	pe	pi	po	pu	py	ap	ep	ip	op	up
qua	que	qui	quo	quy						
ra	re	ri	ro	ru	ry	ar	er	ir	or	ur
ce	ci	fo	fu	fy		as	es	is	os	us
ta	te	ti	to	tu	ty	at	et	it	ot	ut
va	ve	vi	vo	vu	vy					
wa	we	wi	wo	wu	wy	aw	ew	ow		
xa	xe	xi	xo	xy		ax	ex	ix	ox	ux
ya	ye	yi	yo	yu		ay	ey	oy		
za	ze	zi	zo	zu	zy	az	ez	iz	oz	uz

The old gentleman will then examine him in some of the harder monosyllables, and afterwards of words of two, three, or four syllables, according to the child's capacity, and the improvement he hath made; till, at last, perhaps if he finds him to be a tolerable good scholar he will desire him to read a lesson or two in a little book which he always carries in his pocket for that purpose, and of which I have a very accurate copy, I believe, in my large cedar trunk. After the examination is over, if Mr. *Alphabet* is satisfied with his little guest; for otherwise he will send him packing like a dunce and a blockhead; but if he is satisfied he will desire him to cast his eyes upon the wall, where he will find a number of verses,

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in golden letters upon as many slates of white marble, with a pretty little picture hanging to each of them by a silken thread.

“ There, my good boy, says he, if you can
 “ read any of those verses, and tell me
 “ the meaning of it, you shall have the
 “ little picture which belongs to it for
 “ your pains.” — Now the verses are these :

A is an afs, a poor dull lazy beast ;
 His reward is a stick, and a bramble his feast.

B is a beauty all chearful and gay ;
 But her beauty soon fades, like a flower in May.

C is a cock,—up betimes in the morning,
 To idle young sluggards a very good warning.

D is the devil, all ugly and black ;
 And such are all those who follow his track.

E is an emmet, who works all the day,
 To reprove naughty boys who love nothing but play.

F is a fox who loves cheating and stealing ;
 But the dogs will soon give him a grievous sharp feeling.

G is a glutton who eats till he's sick ;
But the doctor and death will soon play him
a trick.

H is a hog, good for naught till he's dead ;
He's the miser's own brother, tho' much
better fed.

I is an image that looks very fine ;
But his head's without brains, and so ('may
be) is thine.

J is a jewel that's little in size ;
And yet it is reckoned a wonderful prize.

K is a king, and rules the whole nation ;
Yet he ~~meets~~ (though a king) with a deal
of vexation.

L is a Lion the lord of the wood ;
But he's fear'd more than lov'd, as delight-
ing in blood.

M is a monkey that's full of his play ;
But for want of employ at no mischief he'll
stay.

N is a nosegay, all sweet, and all fair :
But when 'tis grown old, 'tis thrown by
without care.

O is an owl that looks wonderful sage ;
But he's purblind and cross and not fit for
a cage.

P is a preacher who teaches the town ;
Let him see that his life is no shame to his
gown.

Q is a queen all bespangled with gold ;
But she'll die like the rest, and be covered
with mould.

R is a rogue ; you see how he fares :
Be sure you take care not to deal in his
wares.

S is a swallow not seen in the winter ;
Like many loose friends, who are not worth
a splinter.

T is a top which runs merrily round :
But like most other things it soon falls to
the ground.

U is a Uhlan who lives by his sword :
If he dies by it too 'twill no wonder afford.

V is a vine which revives every heart :
But the juice if ill-used will soon make you
smart.

W is William who hated his school ;
So that now (as you see) he looks like a
fool.

X was king Xerxes who warred with bold
Greece ;

But he soon was obliged to patch up a
peace.

Y was a youth who loved reading and writing ;

Which he found was much better than swearing and fighting.

Wife Z was zealous ; but in a good cause ; I hope you'll be like him. Farewell my good boys.

These then are the verses ; and if any young gentleman should be scholar enough to read them all, and properly explain them he will not only have his pocket full of pictures, but good Mr. *Alphabet* who is a great friend to learning, will give him a paper of sweet-meats into the bargain. But when you take your leave of him, you must be sure to thank him, and make him a fine bow : for if you forget to do this (as many naughty masters and misses do when they receive a favour from their friends) 'tis ten to one but he takes away your pictures and your sweet-meats, or it may be, drives you out of the castle, to teach you better behaviour : and so good bye to you Mr. *Alphabet*.

C H A P III.

Containing a description of the Picture Gallery.

WHEN we leave the hall, the next place we are conducted to is a long gallery full of paintings where generally speaking, we are very politely received by one Mr. *Interpreter*, whose business it is to look after the pictures, and explain the meaning of them to strangers; for which purpose he carries a long wand in his hand, that he may point to the figures which he gives you an account of. Sometimes, indeed, you will meet with the giant himself, who takes a particular pleasure in viewing his paintings; which are indeed very fine ones, being all of them executed by the most able masters in the country. If he happens to be there, you must not fail to pay him the respect he deserves; and though he is the governor of the place, and as rich as a king, he will always return the compliment and if possible even out-do you in his civility. But when he asks you any questions, which

which he will, though never any impertinent ones, you must be very careful to speak the truth; for if he once catches you in a lie, which he hates and abhors, he will bid you begone with such a terrible voice that he will make the whole castle and indeed the whole island shake for it. So you must be sure, I say, to tell him the truth which if you do, he will then attend you himself, and explain the design of every picture you see, with as much freedom and as much good-nature as if you were his own brother: nay, he is so extremely complaisant that he will take a delight in answering any question that you may think it necessary to ask him, be they ever so many. A fine example this to the young gentlemen and ladies of Great Britain, who, some of them, are so very proud and inhospitable that they are displeased even to see a stranger enter their doors.

The first piece which will engage your notice after you have entered the gallery, is an admirable painting by one Mr. Good. It represents the parable of the cruel steward in the gospel, who though his lord had forgiven him a large debt which he was unable to pay, was so hard-hearted as to throw



one of his neighbours into a stinking goal for a mere trifle. The surprize and indignation which is visible in the countenance of his lord, and the inexpressible anguish and confusion which the steward discovers while he is receiving his sentence, together with the gratified resentment of the bystanders, who seem by their looks to upbraid him with his barbarity and triumph at his fall ;—these are circumstances which do honour to the good taste of the painter, and give us a striking caution, that if we ever hope to be forgiven ourselves, we should be always ready to forgive the failings of our brethren. But as for master *Tommy Cress*

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Cross, he is such a sulky boy, that if you once happen to offend him, he will owe you a grudge ever afterwards ; so that if he had his deserts, he should be whipt, and that very handsomely, for every little fault he is guilty of. Nay, there are many grown gentlemen and ladies (and some clergymen too) who are of this wicked and unforgiving temper ; but be they who they will, or be their devotion ever so fair and specious, yet I may venture to say that they are no christians, but a parcel of sulky hypocrites.

The next picture is the death of *Absalom*, by the ingenious *Mr. Dutiful* ; and a fine one it is : for there you may see the poor unhappy young prince with his



beau-

beautiful locks (which he was very proud of) fast entangled in the branch of a tree: so that his mule continuing her flight, left him hanging in the air in the most miserable and helpless condition imaginable; and to complete his misfortune, the hard hearted *Joab* stands frowning by him, ready every moment to plunge the vengeful and unpitying dagger in his heart, notwithstanding his tears and cries, and the suppliant motion of his hands. Alas! poor *Absalom*! how much better would it have been to have minded thy duty at home, than to have raised a rebellious, and unnatural war against thy father. I hope, therefore, my little masters and misses, that you will all take warning from hence; and learn to be dutiful to your parents, and not to be proud of your beauty or any thing else; for *Absalom's* disobedience you see, and his fine head of hair, were the cause of his ruin and everlasting shame.

But if we walk a step or two farther, we shall come to another piece, which is nothing inferior to the former. It represents the destruction of a number of wicked children, who made a mock of
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Elisha, crying after him, "*Go up, thou bald-head, go.*" One of them, who (I suppose) was a little more impudent than the rest, stands pulling the old prophet by his gown, and endeavouring to kick him; while his companions, having discovered the two foaming bears who were rushing from the wood to devour them,



are scampering away as fast as their legs could carry them. This painting, I am told, is the performance of one Mr. Mannerly; and may be a good lesson to us, not to make our game of the bodily, or other imperfections, of our fellow-creatures; as also to reverence the pious
and

and the aged wherever we meet them. For it is indeed a sad thing to be rude and call names; but especially to a person, let him be ever so poor, who ought to be respected for his virtue and his years.

I must now lead your attention to another famous picture, which hath been greatly admired by good judges, and is said to have been the work of the inimitable Mr. *True-man*. It is called the *Liar's Warning-Piece*. The principal figures in it are the apostle *Peter*, who looks sharp enough to pierce one through; and the abandoned *Sapphira*, who stares him impudently in the face, and, to the amaze-



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ment of the by-standers, confirms the lie
which her wicked husband had told be-
fore; not perceiving his ghastly corpse
which is carrying off behind her after he
had been stricken dead for his falshood,
nor yet the angry angel who is hovering
over her head, and already moving his
sword to repeat the same vengeance upon
her. This is, indeed, a very capital
piece: and, I hope, that when Master
False-tongue and Miss *Fib-teller* have read
my account of it (and I must beg of Mr.
Coote to send it to them); I hope, I say,
that they will be wise enough to take
warning, and for the time to come not to
tell a lie upon any account: for it will
be a terrible thing to be struck dead in an
instant, and go to hell with a lie upon
their tongues.

The fifth picture which presents itself
is the murder of *Abel*, which hath been
very strikingly represented by Mr. *Tender-
heart*: for that I believe is the name of
the painter. As to my part, the scene is
so wonderfully moving, that I could
never bear to look upon it without tears.
Poor *Abel*! there he lies, with his face all
covered with blood, and his body with
wounds

wounds and dirt, still stretching out his hands for mercy, and crying " Spare



me ; Oh ! forgive me," while Cain, his flinty hearted brother, stands scowling by him, and lifts up his club to give him the last—last fatal blow. Ruffian ! hold thy hand ! and if it does not even yet shock thee to see thy own flesh and blood, the son of thy mother, lye bleeding on the earth, and begging his life at thy hands ; —turn thy eyes to the innocent sheep, and other cattle around thee, who, with down-cast looks, are lamenting their master's fate, and upbraiding thee for thy most unnatural barbarity. But wicked

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Cain, however, according to the sacred history, actually murdered his brother; and as might well be expected, was afterwards severely punished for so doing. A shocking instance this of the wicked and cruel lengths to which a man may be prompted to run, when he becomes a slave to envy, malice, revenge, or any other vicious passion! Take care then, my good little Masters and Misses, whatever you do, take care, I say, that you govern your passions.

There are many other pictures in the gallery, which are well executed, and as instructive as those we have been describing. But there are two in particular, which I must not omit. The first of them is a fine whole-length of young Master *Allworthy*; a young gentleman of such wonderful accomplishments, both natural and acquired, and who had such a winning behaviour, and so many amiable and truly excellent qualities, that he was beloved by every person in the Castle; and was such a mighty favourite with the Giant, that he ordered his picture to be drawn and hung up in the gallery among the rest, as a lasting proof how much he esteemed

esteemed him. He was, indeed, a very handsome person, and the painter (who was one of the ablest hands in the country) hath done him all the justice imaginable. He is dressed in scarlet trimmed with gold; and hath a pretty little lamb on one side of him as an emblem of his innocence, and a fine large eagle on the other, as a symbol of his courage, and of his great penetration and sagacity. ("Do pray, Mr. Coote, be so kind as to give us a copy of it: for I love to look upon it



dearly.") The frame of it is equal to the picture: for it is made of solid gold, very curiously wrought, and studded with diamonds.

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diamonds. As to Master *Allworthy* himself, what is become of him, I can't tell: but one thing I am sure of, that wherever he is, or wherever he goes, he will be adored and beloved by every body. Oh! what a charming thing it is to be a good boy, or a good girl!

The other picture, is, indeed, a perfect master-piece, and the most extraordinary one, I believe, that ever eyes beheld. It is, in short, a living picture: for the figures are not only painted to admiration, but when Mr. *Interpreter* hath touched them with his wand, they actually move, and go through every part of the history which is represented, in the same manner as the little images upon the paper in a Camera Obscura; though when you apply your finger to the canvas, you will find it as smooth as any other picture in the gallery. From hence it is plain, that the motion is not performed by clock-work, but proceeds from some wonderful influence which no one, I believe, can account for. It hath been in the Castle upwards of two hundred years; and yet, for the freshness and the beauty of the colouring, none of the rest of the paintings

ings are to be compared with it. Mr. *Interpreter* hath often told me, that it was executed by *Raphael*;—not Raphael the Painter, but *Raphael* the Arch-angel. The history it represents is that of *Joseph*, which you will find particularly mentioned in one of the Chapters of *Genesis*, where it is already so beautifully related, that I must refer you to the Chapters above-mentioned, which I hope you will not fail to read immediately; because it is indeed such a very entertaining and such an improving story, that I am well satisfied you will not meet with its equal in any other book whatever.

C H A P.

CHAP. IV.

*Containing an Account of the Giant's
Musæum.*

SO much then for the picture-gallery; where, if it were possible for you to go and see it, you would, perhaps, be more agreeably and more profitably amused, than at the large exhibition in the Strand. The next place you will be shewn into, is the *Giant's Musæum*; which is furnished with a number of curiosities of a different nature from those I have been describing. I shall give you an account of four or five of them.

The first is what they call the *Money-cup*, which is a small bason that hath the appearance of China; but is as strong as iron, and much finer than the finest China I ever saw in my life. When you have taken it in your hands, Mr. Set'em-right, who has the care of the Musæum, directly asks you if you have any money in your pockets. If you have, (suppose it be silver or gold, it matters not which)

he desires you to put it into the bason :
 when, lo ! in the twinkling of an eye, it
 is all turned into powder, or, I should
 rather say, into a little shining dust ; and
 if you were to put in a hundred pieces,
 of what coin you please, one after the
 other, they would all be served in the
 same manner. “ Now take notice,”
 says the old gentleman, “ of what hath
 “ passed. This cup, which my master
 “ would not part with for the Indies ;
 “ —this cup, I say, shews you the real
 “ value of your money. Money, indeed,
 “ hath made a great stir, and a great
 “ deal of mischief in the world. For
 “ this, —one relation often cheats an-
 “ other ; and not only *wishes* him dead,
 “ that he may enjoy what the other leaves
 “ behind him, (who perhaps is his bro-
 “ ther or his father) but sometimes he
 “ will be so over-obliging as to help
 “ him out of the world before his time.
 “ For this, —young maidens will often
 “ prostitute their honour, and too many
 “ persons betray their nearest friends.
 “ For this, —the poor are continually
 “ envying and hating their neighbours,
 “ — and the rich despising and oppressing
 “ the

" the poor. For this, — the Kings and
 " Emperors of the earth are perpetually
 " engaged in cruel wars, to the destruc-
 " tion of their subjects. In short, the
 " love of money, as one observes, is the
 " root of every evil. But, after all,
 " what is this money? this precious
 " poison? this universal tyrant? Only
 " look in the basin, and you will see
 " what it is: it is neither more nor less
 " than a little paltry shining dust! But
 " such as it is, I do not want to deprive
 " you of it; please, therefore, to take
 " up that pen, and write what I bid
 " you, and you shall have your money
 " again." He then helps you to a piece
 of paper, and a little bottle which is full
 of a certain liquid, as clear as chrystal,
 and as red as blood. To the best of my
 remembrance, nay I am sure of it, this
 liquid is called the water of *Sincerity*.
 With this you are to write the words
Charity and *Love* in large capitals; and
 then emptying the basin into the paper,
 your money will be restored in an instant
 to it's former shape, and appears as bright
 as if it came fresh from the Mint.
 " Now, (adds the old gentleman) you

“ may put your money in your pocket.
 “ But pray remember, when you have a
 “ proper occasion, to make use of it as
 “ those words direct ; for if you employ
 “ it to any bad purposes, you may de-
 “ pend upon it, that it will again become
 “ dust, and of as little value as you have
 “ just seen it in the basin.”

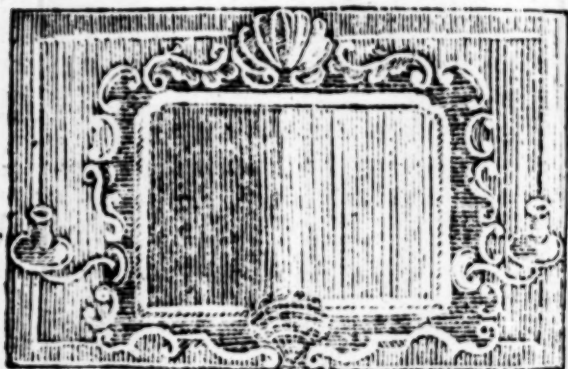
The next thing he shews you is a very
 curious magnet, which it is very likely
 he will make you a present of, as he
 has always a number of them for that
 purpose in a large silver trunk. These
 magnets, I am told, are all manufactured
 by one Mr. Civility, and are endowed
 with a most extraordinary virtue indeed !
 for if you carry one of them in your
 pocket they will attract and draw the
 esteem and the love of all around you
 wherever you go, in the same manner as
 the common magnet or loadstone does a
 needle. But then you must be careful to
 be strictly just and honest in your deal-
 ings, and to be very kind and obliging
 to every body, doing as much good and
 as little harm as you can ;—for if you
 are cross and peevish, or make it your
 business to cheat and defraud, and keep

all

all to yourself and leave nothing for others, your magnet will presently lose its virtue. Nay, I have been well assured that it will receive a contrary power, and make every body hate and despise you as much as they loved and respected you before. I am certain therefore that if Master *Greedy*, or *Tommy Churl*, or little Miss *Cross*, were to have such a *Magnet*, they would be nothing the better for it, but a great deal the worse. You must also be cautious, if Mr. Set'em-right should make you a present of one, to return him your thanks, and make him a handsome bow: for if you fail in this, your Magnet will lose all its virtues in a moment.

Another curiosity is a fine Conscience-Looking glass, which was made, they tell me, by the sagacious Mr. *Flatter-none*. This is really a very valuable curiosity: for whoever looks in it will see themselves exactly as they are when they are affected by any particular passion or propensity, whether good or bad, to which they are more remarkably subject. Thus, for instance, if the handsome Miss *Fury* should ever happen to place herself

before it, though she is reckoned to be sure a very pretty girl, when she is



pleased, her cheeks would immediately appear to be red and swollen, her eyes all wild and fiery and her lips pale and trembling. On the other hand, if little *Nancy Gentle* should ever look into it (though she is despised by some as a very ordinary child, and indeed hath but a very middling share of beauty) then the case would be altered. Her cheeks would be instantly covered with a modest blush, and appear to be adorned with the most lovely little dimples in the world; her eyes would be kind and lively, and her cherry lips would form the sweetest and
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the most engaging smile imaginable. But if *Dick Guzzle* were to view himself in the glass, he would be ashamed to own himself. His head would loll to one side, his lips appear blubbered and watry, his cheeks bloated as if he had the dropsy, and his eyes heavy and stupid as if he were but just risen out of his grave, or had lost himself in a wood. In short, there are few people who could look in it without finding themselves altered (and that surprisingly too) either for the better or the worse.

There are many other curiosities besides these, which I have not time to mention, but when the old gentleman is in a merry mood, as he sometimes is, he does not fail to tell you, that he hath another rarity, which, if properly used, is the best and the most effectual cure in the world for a certain disease which is very common in most places, and is generally called the *Idles*; and, with that, he goes to an old trunk and produces a swinging large rod, which, to be sure, is a full yard long, and as thick as your leg. I hope, however, that none of my
pretty

pretty readers have any pressing occasion for such a desperate remedy as this.

But before I conclude this chapter I must give you an account of a very curious telescope or spying-glass which is likewise to be seen in the Museum. It is about twelve feet long, and is the workmanship of one Mr. *Faith-and-hope*. If you only go to the window and look through the telescope towards the east, you will see a sight which is the most glorious that eyes ever beheld; so glorious that the *enchanted Castle* is a fool to it. It is a noble city which is four-square. The wall of it is a hundred and forty four cubits long, and made of jasper; and the city itself is like the purest gold or the clearest glass. The foundation, which is seen above the clouds, is intermixed and garnished with the most precious stones that can be named. The twelve gates are twelve solid pearls: and the streets are of pure gold as bright and dazzling as the most transparent chrytal. In short, the splendor of the place is so inconceivably great, that it hath no occasion either for the sun to shine by day or the moon by night! the name of it is

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the Holy Jerusalem ; and if you will take the pains, which I dare say you will, to look into the 21st and 22d chapters of the Revelations, you may find a full and a very beautiful account of it. This, you'll say, is a very glorious city indeed ! But all glorious as it is, if you are a good boy, or a good girl, and read your bible, say your prayers, and obey your parents and your teachers, this is the place which you will certainly go to after you are dead, and there be happy for ever and ever ! I say if you are good ; for it is so fine and so pure a place, that there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.

So much then for the Musæum, which is a very curious place, and hath entertained you, I hope, to your satisfaction.

CHAP. V.

Containing an Account of the Giant's Library.

THE last place you will be conducted to is a large Library, where the Giant (who is fond of his books) spends a great deal, and indeed the greatest part, of his time: so that it is ten to one but you will meet with him here, — especially if you go in the morning; “*for the morning, he says, is a friend to the Muses;*” and, therefore, in the summer, he commonly rises about five, and often before. What a fine thing it would be, if all my little Masters would do so to; for,

“ Early to bed, and early to rise,

“ Is the way to be healthy, wealthy,

“ and wise.”

Over the door is a fine inscription, in the language of the country, which runs thus: THEF EAROF THELOR DIS THEBE GINING OFWIS DOM, and

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means in English, *The Fear of the Lord is the Beginning of Wisdom*: and so, to be sure, it is; for if a man knows ever so much, and yet knows not enough to make him truly good, and truly happy, he is nothing better after all than a *learned Fool*,

As to the Library itself, it is indeed a very fine one, being full of a prodigious number of books in all languages, and upon every subject you can think on. But, among the rest, there is a very pretty collection of little volumes, most beautifully gilt and lettered for the amusement of his children. I have procured copies of many of them, and brought them to England: and if Mr. Coote, who is a very obliging gentleman, will be so kind to print them for me, I promise that you shall have a sight of them. But then you must mind to be good children, and do as I have taught you; otherwise you may depend upon it I shall keep them to myself.

When you have entered the door, you will observe directly facing you, between two large windows, a marble statue like one of the old philosophers, which seems

to look at you very earnestly, and to offer you a scrawl of vellum, on which is written in golden capitals, THE QUIN- TESSENCE OF WISDOM. On the inside of it (for you must take and open it) you will find the following sentences ;

“ Set your affections on things above, and not on things below : for this world passeth away with all the glory thereof.”

“ The surest way to gain the esteem of our neighbours, is *really* to be what you would be *thought* to be.”

“ Be anxious for nothing ; but in all things make your requests known unto God with thanksgiving.”

“ Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath ; for it is written, Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord.”

“ Bless them who persecute and evil entreat you ; bless, and curse not..”

“ Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estates, and be not wise in your own conceits.”

“ If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, live peaceable with all men.”

“ Be not overcome of evil ; but overcome evil with good.”

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" When thou prayest, enter into thy closet ; and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret ; and thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

" If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

" Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal : but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

" Honor all men ; love the brotherhood ; fear God ; honor the King ; obey your parents and your teachers, as is sitting in the Lord ; lie not to one another ; be sober, be vigilant ; keep holy the sabbath-day ; love thy neighbour as thyself ; and above all things be ye clothed with humility, keeping a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards men ; and after ye have done your duty to the very uttermost of your power, boast not thereof either unto others, or to yourself, and much less before God ; but say, we are

are unprofitable servants, we have done no more than we ought to have done."

When you have replaced the vellum scowl in the hand of the statue, you will immediately hear a wonderful voice, which will make the whole room eccho, saying, "*If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.*" From whence the voice proceeds is to me a perfect mystery; for I can never imagine that it comes from the statue. But so it is; and so, they tell me, it hath been, ever since the library hath been furnished.

Another thing which will not fail to attract your notice is a marble altar five feet high, of the most exquisite workmanship, and which is anointed every morning with the finest perfumes that can be had. On the eastern side of it is the following inscription. "*If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.*" Accordingly the good Giant, before he takes a book into his hand, always kneels down before the altar, and implores the assistance of the great Father of Truth: from which we may suppose, that he never looks into an author who is not capable

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pable of giving him some real and useful improvement, as well as diversion.

I dare say, therefore, that he never reads the history of *Tom Hickathrift*, or *Jack the Giant-killer*, or *Gordy Shipton*, or any other such idle stories; and much less any thing which borders upon profaneness or indecency; for these, to be sure, would be fine books for him to pray over! It is likewise my opinion, and I'll engage for it that most sober gentlemen are in the same way of thinking;—it is my opinion, I say, that if young masters and misses were to follow the giant's good example, and always say their prayers before they go to school, they would not learn the less for it, but rather the more.

But before we quit the Library, it will be worth our while to take some little notice by the way of a *fine large Parrot in a golden cage*, which hangs up near one of the windows. This is indeed a very beautiful bird, and so ingenious, I can assure you, that he hath learned not only to talk but also to read. Nay, if you'll believe me, he is no stranger even to the Greek and Latin. Some will add that he can read

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Hebrew ; though, for my part, I can't say that I have ever heard him. But read what he will, poor Bird ! he does not understand the meaning of it ; and the most he can do is to chatter a line out of one author, and a scrap out of another, without any propriety or conception. Some persons, perhaps, will not think themselves to be much beholden to me for the compliment ; but yet I verily believe that there are such Parrots to be met with in many a fine library in England. I hope, however, that all my little readers, when they take a book into their hands, will be resolved to understand it as they go along ; and if they should happen to meet with a word or a sentence which they cannot tell the meaning of, it will be much better for them to consult their Papas or Mamas, or some other person who can assist them, than to continue dunces as long as they live.

The last curiosity you will find in the library is an odd picture over the doorway as you are going out. It represents a tall, meagre, lanthorn-jawed, hollow-eyed, raw-boned fellow, who has his mouth as full of victuals as he can cram it,

it, with a large piece of flesh in each hand, and the greatest plenty of all manner of provisions around him; some lying upon the tables, some upon the chairs, and a large quantity upon the ground. In short, he is almost buried in victuals, and really looks as if he would devour the whole castle. But this greedy and voracious wretch, though he eats so much, cannot for the life of him grow a single ounce the fatter, but after all appears as lean and as ill-favoured as if he had not tasted a morsel for a whole fortnight together. Nor is it any wonder; for he swallows so much, that he cannot possibly digest it: whereas, if he were to feed moderately, and take a little time, what he eats would then be of service to him. This, the Librarian will inform you, is an emblem of what he calls a *Book-glutton*; that is, a person who reads every thing, and remembers nothing; or one who measures his learning not by his knowledge he hath acquired, but by the number of *books* he hath gone through. Take care, then, when you begin with one author, not to meddle with another, before you are complete master of the first. With this pro-

vife, you may, and indeed, I would advife
 you to read as many good books as you
 can: for good books, if they are well
 underftood, and well remembered, will
 never do you any harm, even if it were
 poffible for you to read ten thoufand of
 them; on the contrary, they will then be
 as nourifhing to your mind as a good meal
 will to your body.

If the Giant himfelf fhould be in the
 Library, he commonly presents you with
 a neat Bible; but, at the fame time, he
 makes you promife very faithfully that
 you will read through and pay a ftrict re-
 gard to the contents of it. “ For the
 “ Bible, he tells you, is the very beft book
 “ in the world, and contains every thing
 “ which is neceffary to be known and
 “ praftifed to make you happy; but
 “ adds he, if you do not ftudy it very
 “ carefully, praying to the Father of
 “ Light, to teach you the true meaning
 “ of it, and with a determined refolu-
 “ tion (by the Grace of God) to pay
 “ full and conftant attention to what
 “ you there find to be your duty; then
 “ beft, this moft precious book will not
 “ only be of fervice to you, but will

“ eve

“ even appear against you to your utter
 “ shame and condemnation at the awful
 “ day of judgment.”

After he hath given you this honest
 and very good advice, he generally in-
 troduces you to his family, where you
 will find his spouse the lady *Good-Example*,
 and his five daughters, Miss *Piety*, Miss
Patience, Miss *Charity*, Miss *Sobriety*, and
 Miss *Prudence*. His lady is a very fine
 woman to look upon ; and her engaging
 presence, and circumspect behaviour,
 seldom fail to make a strong impression
 upon those who have the happiness to see
 her. As to Miss *Piety*, who is the eldest
 of his daughters, she hath a very noble
 look, and moves with the air of a Queen,
 though she hath no more pride in her
 than a sucking infant. Miss *Patience*,
 who is commonly dressed in white, hath
 in her countenance all the innocence and
 meekness of a lamb, with the most calm
 and settled resolution that I have ever
 beheld : they tell me that it is almost
 impossible to put her in a passion ; and
 that let happen what will, she is very
 seldom terrified or cast down. To the
 best of my remembrance, she never

swooned away in her life. Pretty Miss *Charity* is the third daughter, and by many is reckoned the handsomest of them all. She dresses in green, and hath such a melting tenderness in her eyes, and such a sweet angel smile upon her countenance, that you can scarcely look upon her without thinking her to be in love with you; and, indeed, they say that she loves every body. Miss *Sobriety*, though she is the youngest but one, looks as grave and womanish as her mother: she dresses very plain, and as she spends but little, hath a purse full of money; and (if you take notice of her) she hath a very fresh and a very healthy countenance. The youngest of all is Miss *Prudence*, who is a very modest and a very steady little lady indeed. She looks as sharp as a hawk: but she says but little, and hates romping above all things.

After you have paid your respects to the ladies, which you must be sure to do in as complaisant a manner as possible, the good Giant himself will immediately conduct you to the door, and after thanking you for your company, and telling you that you are heartily welcome to what you have

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have seen, and to bring a friend with you the next time you come to his castle, he dismisses you with the greatest civility and politeness imaginable; and I hope as opportunity serves, that you will make it your business to imitate him.

Thus then, I have given you a full description of the *Enchanted Castle*. If you have met with any thing in this account, which hath been the means of pointing out your duty, it will be your wisdom and your interest to pay a proper attention to it; and in so doing I can assure you, that you will confer a great obligation upon your very humble servant, *Don Stephano Bunyanno*, and perhaps engage me to communicate some other accounts, which will be as entertaining as the *Enchanted Castle*.

CHAP. VI.

A DIALOGUE written by Giant INSTRUCTION, for the Entertainment of Good Girls; between Mademoiselle, Miss Julia, Lady Charlotte, Miss Harriot, Miss Sprightly, and Lady Maria.

Miss Julia. **G**OOD morrow, Mademoiselle; I have been a good girl a great while, and every body in the house loves me so, that I am as happy as a queen. Look at this pretty watch; papa gave it me to shew me how much he is pleased with my behaviour.

Mademoiselle. Oh! it is very pretty! But, my dear, you say you are as happy as a queen; you suppose then, that all queens are happy?

Miss Julia. Yes, Mademoiselle; for it is a common expression, when a person is contented, to say, 'she is as happy as a queen.'

Mademoiselle. They speak very improperly when they say so, my dear. I have a great mind to tell you a tale upon this subject.

BLOOM-

BLOOMING and FAIR. *A Fable.*

Once there was a widow, who was a good sort of a woman, and she had two daughters, both of whom were very beautiful: the name of the eldest was Fair, and that of the youngest, Blooming. They were named thus, because one had an exceeding fair complexion, and the other had cheeks and lips as red as coral. One day, when this good woman was spinning at the door of her house, she saw a poor old woman that could hardly hobble along with her stick. You are very much fatigued, said the good dame to this poor old creature; sit down a little, and rest yourself. She then ordered her daughters to bring her a chair. The girls both rose up to fetch it, but Blooming ran faster than her sister to obey her mother's command. Will you drink any thing, said the good woman to the poor old creature? With all my heart, answered she, and I believe I could eat a morsel, if you could give me something that is a little relishing. I will give you every thing that is in my power, said the good

good woman ; but, as I am poor, I have not any great dainties.

She then ordered her eldest daughter to gather some plumbs, from a plumb-tree which she had planted herself, and which she was very fond of. Fair, instead of readily obeying her mother, grumbled at this command, and said within herself, I did not plant this plumb-tree, and take such pains to preserve it, for this old glutton. However she did not dare refuse to give her some plumbs ; but she did it frowningly, and against her will. As to you, Blooming, said the good woman to her second daughter, you have not any fruit to give to this poor creature, for your grapes are not yet ripe : True, replied Blooming, but I hear my hen cackle ; she has just laid an egg, and if the good woman will eat it, she shall be exceeding welcome to it.

Without waiting for her mother's answer, she ran to fetch the egg ; but the very moment that she presented it to this old woman, she disappeared, and a beautiful lady was seen in her place ; who, addressing herself to the mother, said, I will reward your two daughters according to their

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their deserts. The eldest shall become a great queen, and the second shall keep a farm. I know that I give each of them what they like best.

After these words the fairy departed; and the mother and the two daughters remained very much astonished. Upon which, striking the house, it was immediately turned into a little snug farm. They went into the farm, and were delighted with the neatness of the furniture. The chairs were only wood, but they were so exceeding bright, that you might see yourself as in a glass. The linen of the beds was as white as snow. In the stable there were twenty sheep, as many lambs, four oxen, and four cows; and in the court-yard all sorts of animals, hens, ducks, pigeons, &c. There was also a pretty garden full of fruit and flowers. Fair beheld, without jealousy, the gift which had been bestowed on her sister, pleased to think that she should be a queen.

All of a sudden she heard the noise of the feet of horses, and coming to the door to look out, a king saw her, and fell so violently in love with her, that he immediately

diately married her. Fair, being now a queen, she said to her sister Blooming, You shall no longer be a farmer; come along with me, and I will marry you to a great lord.

I am very much obliged to you, sister, answered Blooming, but I am used to a country life, and am unwilling to change it for any other. Well, queen Fair departed, and was so well satisfied with her new way of life, that for several nights she could not sleep for joy.

For a few moments she was so taken up with grandeur, balls, and plays, that she thought of nothing else; but, after a short time, a continued round of diversions began to pall, and vexation took its place. All the ladies of the court paid her a great deal of respect before her face; but in her absence they said, Bless me! that such a poor, awkward, country wench should be made a queen! the king had exceeding low notions to marry such a woman as she. This conversation came to the king's ear. He thought he had done a foolish thing to marry Fair; and as the violence of his love was very much abated,

abated, he kept a great number of mistresses.

When it was perceived, that the king no longer loved his queen, all manner of obedience was neglected by the subjects. She was extremely unfortunate; for she had not so much as a friend to make her complaint to. She perceived that it was the fashion of the court to betray the best of friends for interest; to speak fair to those whom they hated, and to be continually telling of lies.

She was obliged to be serious, because she was told that a queen ought to have a grave and majestic air. She had a great many children, and was continually attended by a physician, who examined every thing she eat, and deprived her of every thing she loved. No salt was suffered to be put into her broths; she was not even permitted to take a walk when she had a mind; in short, she was contradicted in every thing, from morning till night.

Poor Fair was ready to die with vexation; and she grew so pale and thin, that every body pitied her. She had not seen her sister for three years, which she had

now

now been a queen, because she thought it would be a great dishonour for a person of her distinction to visit a poor farmer; but finding herself overwhelmed with melancholy, she resolved to go, and spend a few days in the country to divert herself. She asked the king's permission, who readily granted it, because he thought he should by that means rid himself of her company for some time.

The evening of her departure, she arrived at Blooming's farm, where she saw a great number of shepherds and shepherdesses dancing, and diverting themselves on the green. Alas! said the queen, sighing, many is the time that I have diverted myself like these poor peasants. As soon as she appeared, her sister ran to embrace her. She had an air of so much content and satisfaction, and was so hearty and jolly, that the queen could not help crying when she looked at her. Blooming had married a young peasant without any fortune, but he always remembered that his wife had given him every thing he had, and he strove by his complaisant behaviour to shew her his gratitude. Blooming had not a great many servants; but they

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they loved her as if they had been her children, because she treated them well.

All her neighbours loved her likewise, and every one seemed anxious to give her the best proofs of it. She had not much money, but then she had no great need of it; for her own lands supplied her with corn, wine, and oil. Her flocks furnished her with milk, of which she made butter and cheese. She spun the fleece of her sheep to make cloaths for her husband and herself as well as for her two children, which she had. They laboured with industry; and in the evening, when their work was finished, they enjoyed themselves with transport. Alas! cried the queen, the fairy has made me a bad present, in giving me a crown.

Happiness is not to be found in the magnificence of a palace, but in the innocent employments of a country life. Scarce had she said these words, when the fairy appeared: I did not intend to reward, when I made you a queen, but to punish you for having given your plumbs grudgingly. To be happy, we must only enjoy what is necessary, and wish for no more. Ah! madam, cried Fair, you have
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been sufficiently revenged; put an end to my misfortunes. They are already at an end, replied the fairy: the king, who no longer loves you, is preparing to marry another wife; and his officers will come to-morrow to order you to depart, and return to his palace no more.

It happened as the fairy foretold, and Fair passed the remainder of her days with her sister Blooming, in the most perfect pleasure and contentment, and never afterwards thought of a court, but to thank the fairy for having brought her back to her cottage.

Lady Charlotte. Indeed, Mademoiselle, I am very much pleased with this story. I have always desired to be a shepherdess: I am extravagantly fond of the country, and I think I should desire nothing more, if I was a pretty country-woman like Blooming; but then I should want some books with me.

Mademoiselle. I think you have a very pretty taste, my dear; but, in order to be happy in a country life, we must have neither ambition, vanity, or extravagant desires; and that is very difficult. Without going into the country, you may be happy

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happy in any place, if you could but guard against those three faults which I have just now mentioned.

Miss Harriot. What is ambition, Mademoiselle?

Mademoiselle. 'Tis a desire of commanding every body; and vanity is a desire of being praised for beauty, wit, riches, or fine cloaths. Ask miss Sprightly how miserable her vanity has made her.

Miss Sprightly. And it has made me wicked too; but indeed, Mademoiselle, I have a great deal of vanity still, and it has made me commit a great fault since I saw you last. I'll tell it before all these ladies, that they may shame me out of it.

Mademoiselle. You are in the right, my dear. The best method to amend our faults is to confess them. Let us hear then what you have done.

Miss Sprightly. We were yesterday at my lady D——'s assembly, This lady is pretty old, for she has got children: she asked me how I spent my time. I am reading Quintus Curtius, answered I. What is Quintus Curtius, said this lady? Oh! said I, it is a very fine book, in which is the life of Alexander the Great,

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She said, I do not remember any king of England whose name was Alexander the Great; and yet, when I was young, learned by heart the abridgment of the history of England; but really I have forgotten it. Instead of making a reply to what this lady said, Mademoiselle, I made pretence to blow my nose, and put my handkerchief before my face, to hold my laughing at her stupidity; and I have been in company several times since, and have told every body of the ignorance of that lady, who had never heard speak of Alexander.

Mademoiselle. Indeed, my dear, you have been guilty of a very great fault: don't you think you have done this lady a great deal of injury?

Miss Sprightly. Yes, Mademoiselle, but when I was guilty of this folly it was not with a design to do her any injury, but only to feed my own vanity, by making every body think that I was a girl of sense and had read a great deal.

Mademoiselle I assure you, my dear, they would not think any such thing. We have this morning made a visit to Lady B——. You know that she is a very sensible woman.

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man. What a wicked girl, says she, is that Miss Sprightly! yesterday she took pleasure in laughing at poor Lady D——. If she had been my daughter, I would never suffer her to go into company again; I had a great mind to box her ears. You see, my dear, that your vanity, or self-love, is a folly, which instead of making you esteemed, engages all the world to hate you. You have told every body, that this lady is an ignorant woman; but at the same time you have made them believe that you are censorious. You have done yourself much more injury than you have her, who was the subject of your ridicule. Endeavour therefore to become good and charitable. Think before you speak, and ask yourself this question, Am not I going to say some ill-natured thing? Instead of making remarks upon other people's faults or imperfections, make it your business to observe their good qualities, and then all the world will admire you.—Now Lady Maria will tell us her history.

Lady Maria. Abraham loved his son Isaac extremely, but he loved God Almighty better, as indeed he ought. One day God said to Abraham, Take your son

Isaac, and go up upon a high mountain to sacrifice him unto me; that is to say, to cut off his head, and afterwards burn his body. It was the custom of those times to kill beasts and offer them to God, and after that they were burnt: but it was God's pleasure to have Isaac instead of a beast. Any other person besides Abraham would have said, God has promised to give my son Isaac a great many children, but if I kill him that cannot be; but Abraham had more wisdom. He never hesitated when God commanded him to do any thing, for he knew very well that God could do those things which to him appeared impossible. Abraham prepared some wood, and ordered Isaac to carry it; and while they were going up to the mountain, Isaac said to him, Father, we have got wood and fire to light it, but we have not any beast to offer as a sacrifice to the Lord. The Lord will provide us one, replied Abraham. But when they were got to the top of the mountain, he said to Isaac, My son, it is you that I am going to sacrifice unto the Lord, for so he has commanded me. I willingly consent, said Isaac; it is from God that I received my life, and I ought

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ought to return it him since it is his pleasure. Then Abraham piled up the wood, bound his son Isaac, put him on the wood, and took a great knife in his hand to cut off his head; but an angel of the Lord came and stopped his arm, and said to him, Do not kill Isaac. God only wanted to know whether you would both obey him. Then Abraham unbound Isaac, and, looking up he saw a ram, caught in a thicket by his horns; and Abraham took the ram, and offered him for a burnt-offering, instead of his son; and then they returned with satisfaction to their tent.

Miss Harriot. I was very much afraid, Mademoiselle, for poor Isaac; I thought he was going to be killed.

Miss Julia. But, Mademoiselle, it is a wicked thing to kill a man. How came God to command a wicked action?

Mademoiselle. It is not always a wicked action to kill a man, my dear. You know that a great many are killed for being thieves and robbers. When people are at war, the soldiers kill their enemies without committing a sin. Besides, you see that God did not intend Isaac should be killed. And Abraham, who knew that God was

and wife, said within himself, Since God has commanded me to do it, there can be no evil in it, for God never commanded a sin to be committed.

Lady Maria. Isaac was a good child, and I will be as obedient as he was. If God should tell my mamma to kill me, I would say to her, I submit to it with all my heart.

Mademoiselle. He will not tell your mamma to do so; but perhaps he may order the fever, the small-pox, or any other illness to do it. If he will not demand your life, perhaps he will take your eyes, your ears, or any other part of your body. Therefore, when you are sick, you should say, like Isaac, Lord, it is you that have given me life; if you will take it from me by this sickness, I will readily consent to it. Miss Julia, you are very dull of hearing; another may have sore eyes, &c. Say therefore, with all your heart, Lord, every thing is thine; if it be thy pleasure to make me deaf or blind, *thy will be done.* And when we lose a fortune, or every thing we have in the world, we should think and say, I know very well that God loves me: since he has
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d eprived me of these things, they were not good for me. If they had been good for me, I am very sure God would not have taken them from me.

Lady Charlotte. If we could always think in this manner, Mademoiselle, we should never make ourselves uneasy at any thing.

Mademoiselle. Very true, my dear, from these considerations, we see people, who appear to us to be very unfortunate, and are nevertheless very happy.—Come miss Julia, tell us your history.

Miss Julia. Abraham, being willing to marry his son Isaac, called his head servant, and bid him go into the country where his brother Nabor lived, to seek a wife for his son. When the servant was arrived in Nabor's country, he entreated the Lord to crown his journey with success; and said, Lord, shew me the woman whom thou approvest for my master; and then, coming near a well, he said further, Lord, the daughters of the men of the city come here to draw water; let her that is appointed to be the wife of my young master Isaac, present me civilly with a pitcher of water, and also offer to

give my camels drink. At the same time the young damsels came out of the city, among which there was one exceeding beautiful. The servant ran to meet her, and asked her to let him drink. With all my heart, answered she. Then she let down her pitcher, and said to him, I will also give your camels some water to drink. The servant asked her what was her name; she answered, Rebecca, and my grandfather's name is Nabor. Then the servant thanked God, and made Rebecca a present of a gold ear-ring, and two bracelets for her hands. Rebecca ran home to shew these presents to her brothers, for she knew it was not proper to receive presents from men, without the permission of her friends. Laban, Rebecca's brother, having seen these presents, ran to the well, and desired the servant to come and lodge with him. But this man would neither eat nor drink till he had executed his commission. He demanded Rebecca in marriage for his young master Isaac. Her brothers consented to it, and said to Rebecca, Will you go with this man to marry your cousin Isaac? she answered, I will; and she de-

departed with the servant, who made great presents to her brothers. When they had travelled a long time, Rebecca saw a man walking in the fields, and the servant having told her it was Isaac, she covered her face with a veil. Soon after this, Isaac married Rebecca, and he loved her so well, that he presently dried up his tears for the death of his mother, who died soon after.

Miss Harriot. This is a very pretty history, Mademoiselle; but pray now, what is the reason that Abraham sent so far for a wife for his son? was it because there were no young women in the country where he was?

Mademoiselle. No, my dear, for there were a great many young women in his country, but they were not very wise; and Abraham wanted to get a good woman for his son, and did not regard her being rich. Observe, my dear children, what Abraham's servant did. He entreated the Lord to find him a wife for his master. This teaches us to apply to God to supply all our wants: he is so good, that he will not be offended at such freedom. We must ask him, in general,
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for all those things which are necessary for us.

Lady Maria, But God knows very well that we have occasion for these things; therefore it is not necessary that we should ask him.

Mademoiselle, Pardon me, my dear; he knows that we have occasion for bread, and yet Jesus Christ has ordered us to ask it every day, in the prayer which he has taught us. Don't you say, in your prayers every morning and night, Give us *our daily bread*?

Miss Julia, That's very true, *Mademoiselle*; but I have never considered it attentively.

Lady Charlotte, For my part, I always pray to God for every thing I want. When I begin my lessons, I always beg of him to give me grace to learn them. When papa, mamma, or my sisters are sick, I pray to him to restore them. When I have a great desire to have any thing, I entreat the Lord to incline mamma to give it me; and God is so very good, he always grants me every reasonable request.

Mademoiselle, Always continue this practice, my dear. Let us, my dear children,

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dren, look upon God as our indulgent
 father and gracious master. A child may
 boldly ask a father for things that are just;
 and a servant may take the same liberty
 with a master. But, as we are not sen-
 sible of our real wants, and as we may
 ask for things which are not proper for
 us, let us always say, Lord, grant me
 this thing, if it be for thy glory and my
 own salvation. Now let us try if we can-
 not say something of geography. The
 last time we met, we spoke of the names
 which are given to the different parts of
 the earth; that is to say, of a continent,
 an island, a peninsula, an isthmus, and a
 cape; to day we must learn the different
 names which are given to the different
 parts of water.

Do you observe this large mass of wa-
 ter? it is called the ocean, or the sea.
 There are four parts, which take their
 names from the coasts, or parts of the earth,
 near which they are situated. The South
 Sea, the North Sea, the Oriental Ocean,
 and the Western Ocean. That part of
 the sea, which advances into the land, they
 call a gulf: a bay is a gulf that has a ca-
 pacious mouth: the Archiepelago is a sea
 in

in which there are a number of islands : a Streight is a passage between one sea and another : 'a Lake is a body of water surrounded on all sides by the land ; and a River is water which is continually running. Take notice of this, children.

Miss Julia. Yes, Mademoiselle : a Gulf is a part of the sea which runs into the land ; as the Gulf of Venice : a Streight is an arm of the sea, which joins two seas together ; as the Streights of Gibraltar, which join the main ocean to the Mediterranean sea.

Mademoiselle. Very well : they call that a streight also which is bound in by two lands. Look at the map : between the Island of Corsica, and the Island of Sardinia, you see there is a little arm of the sea : it is called the Streights of Boniface.

Miss Sprightly. Pray, Mademoiselle, why is the narrow part of the sea, which is between Italy and Sicily, called the Pharos of Messina ? what is the signification of the word pharos ?

Mademoiselle. I don't understand Greek, my dear ; and this word is derived from the Greek language. But we may be able

able to find out the meaning. Ships that are out at sea cannot come within a certain distance of land without danger: a light is therefore put on the sea-shore to give notice that land is not far off, which cautions the sailors from approaching too near Ptolemy, one of the Kings of Egypt, built such a beautiful marble watch-tower, that it was reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. A light was placed upon the top of this tower to warn the ships during the night, and ever since that time they have been called pharos's; and it is from one of these towers, the Pharos of Messina, that this streight takes its name. We may therefore suppose, that the word pharos signifies a light to guide the ships in the night.

Lady Maria. Then the lamps which are at our doors are Pharos's.

Mademoiselle. Yes, my dear.

Mrs Harriot. You told us there were seven wonders of the world; pray what are the rest?

Mademoiselle. If I remember right, they are, the walls and gardens of Babylon, the pharos of Alexandria, the tomb
of

of Mausolus, the colossus of Rhodes, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the labyrinth of Minos in the island of Crete, and the pyramids of Egypt.



F I N I S.